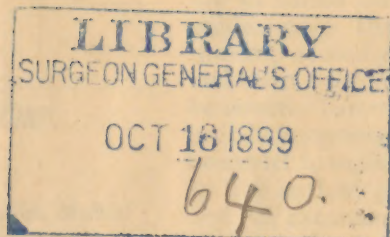


Clarke (W. B.)

SHAKESPEARE IN MEDICINE.

BY

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SHAKESPEARE IN MEDICINE.

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Shakespeare thoroughly knew nature, God's great alchemist and chemist, in all her many and intricate manifestations—indeed, “no man ever laid his head so close upon the great heart of Nature, and heard so clearly the mighty throb of her deep pulses”—and it was largely because of this intimate knowledge and true depiction, whether in passion, romance, philosophy or history, seemingly done with consummate and marvelous ease, dominated, of

course, by the wonderful genius of his brain, as giving his rich and musical style, delicate tracery, beautiful imagery, unequalled sagacity, and massive intellectual creative power, that in his writings he could cover every field of human endeavor and thought and strike a responsive chord in every human heart as no other writer has ever done, and which has made this permanent influence of this myriad-minded man over mankind so infinitely greater than that of any other man who has yet lived. It is a trite saying that the thoughts and expressions of Shakespeare permeate all English writing since his time, and scintillate in all the effusions of the lawyer, doctor and divine, and illuminate the pages of the wit, poet, fictionist and general literature the world over. Indeed, it seems that there is not an emergency, incident or occasion possible in human life but what might be mottoed with a quotation from Shakespeare, while his images, metaphors, comparisons, similes and all other figures of speech are so varied and numerous as to render him liable, more than any other writer, to be quoted, copied and imitated. Emerson best and most briefly expressed this thought when he wrote, “Literature, philosophy and thought are Shakespearized.” Shakespeare had almost no model to work by, and is yet unapproachable by any author, even with his own great work and the extraneous aid furnished by 300 years of subsequent writing as examples, though many have tried to imitate his style by producing similar plays, the most pretentious being Tennyson's “Queen Mary” and Addison's “Cato.” How well they have failed or succeeded I leave for you to judge.

It is true that of late years a spirited discussion has arisen as to the real authorship of the writings generally attributed to Shakespeare. On only one point are these opposing advocates agreed, and that is the surpassing merit

of the works under discussion. As for my humble self, I am so loyal in the belief that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare that it would take "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ" to establish even a doubt of it in my mind. It is enough for me to know that this question was not raised until after the death of the immortal bard, and that his contemporaries—Jonson, Spenser, Chettle, Marlowe, Green and others, including Ward, the Vicar of Stratford—write of him and his works, the former, rare Ben Jonson, saying, "He was not of an age, but for all time."

A pretentious volume could be built up of quotations confined to either medicine or law, for with rare professional acumen, he found, as he puts in the mouth of the Duke, in "As You Like It," act 2, scene 1, "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." While at first sight this may not seem to be a quotation having medical application, read between the lines it is essentially so, as a hint to study the earth and nature and by no means get our education entirely from our books. It will be our pleasant duty this evening to review and enjoy a few of the notable gems that sparkle amid such a profusion of others which show his wonderful familiarity with that subject nearest to our hearts and which we have made our life-study—medicine.

To first quote, he tells us to study our profession, and that even in its very selection it must be a congenial one, thus, spoken by Tranio, in "Taming of the Shrew," I, 1:

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Thus we become worthy the station drawn by Lucrece:

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd,
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee.

If all the members of our noble profession can feel the thrill of the high pride and exultation in the acquirement and possession of knowledge pertaining to it voiced by Cerimon, in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," 3, 2, then is its future safe:

'Tis known I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures—which
doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death.

Shakespeare's verified writings are comprised in thirty-seven plays and five miscellaneous poems, and a search through these for quotations bearing on the practice of medicine reveals his great familiarity with the Esculapian art of his day, and in notable instances he is far in advance of it, as I hope to be able to show. As he was born in 1564 and died in 1616, he may have written at least one of these notable quotations 300 years ago this very day. (And this year is also the 300th anniversary of the issuance of the edict of Nantes by Henry IV., which secured to Protestants in France the right to meet for worship and to exercise religious privileges.) As his elder and favorite daughter, Susanna, married a physician, Dr. John Hall, he may have taken much interest in medicine because of this. Certain it is, he clearly wove in threads representing anatomy, physiology, chemistry, organology, etiology, dermatology, psychology, neurology, pharmacology, obstetrics and surgery. Of these he took special interest in obstetrics though but little in surgery, the latter because the surgery of the day did not amount to much, because of the ignorance of anesthetics—though all must admit that in many of his plays he was a great shedder of blood.

His depiction of insanity was eminently true to nature. Few are fitted by study and observation of the paranoiac, or partially insane person, to detect slight mental aberrations and point out delicate variations from normality in the unfortunates of the living and enlightened present, but what shall be said of the psychiatric ability that can perform such distinguished service for characters in plays written 300 years ago? Shakespeare makes insane people talk, walk and act as insane people do, and presents them varying in degree from slight mental obliquity from drink or disease to the raving maniac—and this is something that the dramatists since his time have hardly dared to even attempt. Psychology, in the broadest acceptance of the term, means the science of the intellectual and moral faculties, but of late years the term has been freely used to denote or include aberrant phenomena in connection with mental conditions. Dr. Bucknill, of England, forty years ago wrote: "Shakespeare not only possesses more psychological insight than all other poets, but more than all other writers." There was in all England in Shakespeare's time but one small, poorly-ordered insane charity. This was the

original Bedlam, Bethlehem Hospital, in Bishopgate street, London, with a capacity of 50 patients, established in 1537 (Encyc. Brit.). We have to conclude, then, because of his limited chance to study this subject, that Shakespeare gained most of his knowledge in this field, as in many others, by intuition rather than by study.

While he made what we may call mistakes, the exigencies of the play or the subtlety of a character often required the result arrived at or the action laid down. Of such, for instance, was the death of Desdemona. Probably he knew as well as we that a person is not smothered who revives enough to speak, as she does to declare her own and Othello's innocence. He makes characters speak of clocks (in "Julius Cæsar"), cannon (in "Macbeth"), spectacles (in King Lear), etc., before these articles were known, drove the ship in "Winter's Tale," on the coast of Bohemia, though Bohemia has no coast, and put lions in the English Forest of Arden. He sent Hamlet to the University of Wittenberg at a time the university did not exist, and perpetrated many anachronisms, such as putting words of Aristotle in the mouth of Hector, in "Troilus and Cressida," though he lived 800 years before the former, and had Menenius, in "Coriolanus," speak of Galen, though he lived 600 years before Galen was born. But he made his characters talk right. Shakespeare never let a rebellion succeed. But he lived in the Elizabethan, royal, age, and was politic. He could not do differently then, but would probably do differently now. But we have neither time nor desire to pick or magnify flaws. He felt privileged in such matters, as we see by what Gower says in "Pericles," 4, 4:

We commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live.

And he probably had in mind Aristotle's dictum: "Nothing is called a fault in poetry but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet without being an exact chronologist."

I said he had depicted all phases of human life, and so he did, all but two. He had no children in his plays, that is, little more than a suggestion of them. Though he rose superior to them, I can but believe he made a mistake, for a man, whatever his mental powers, can take delight in the society of a child, when a person of intellect far more matured, but inferior to his own, would be simply insufferable.

But how beautifully he describes the death of the doughty warrior, Falstaff, and sent him back to childhood, when "a babbled of green fields." And out of the mouth of Constance he thus depicts the power of children and the strength of our love for them:

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

Constance, in King John, 3, 4.

Yet if we analyze the action of this character we find the passionate utterances of this mother to be due more to wounded pride, disappointed ambition and indignation for her supplanted prince than to motherly love. Indeed, there is not, strange to say, a real mother in Shakespeare. There are queens and wives, but no ideal mother. "Though he has sounded with the plummet of his genius all the depths of woman's love as wife, daughter, sister, servant and friend, he left unexplored that mighty power of motherhood, which is one of the great elemental forces of the world."—Mary B. Whiting.

Reference to the physician is frequently made by Shakespeare, though comparatively few of the quotations we shall use are spoken by medical men. He presents several doctors in character, notably the astute and careful Cornelius, in "Cymbeline," who by substitution thwarts the Queen's request for poisons, which he says "She'll prove on cats and dogs, then afterward up higher." The Doctor in "Macbeth" is wise and conservative in his handling of the difficult case of the somnambulist and conscience-stricken murderess Lady Macbeth, and the Doctor in "King Lear" shows excellent skill in his treatment of the unfortunate, buffeted and weather-beaten old King Lear. We have Dr. Butts, in "Henry VIII," who acted a contemptible part toward Cranmer, whom he disliked, and Dr. Caius, who talks French in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," who Sir Hugh avowed had "no more knowledge of Hippocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides," but to whom the Host (act 2, scene 3) once says, "Bless thee, bully doctor," and Shallow, at the same place, says: "You have showed yourself a wise physician." Dr. Shaw, in "Richard III," is a political intriguer only, and Dr. Peace, in "Henry VIII," was ousted from a good place by Cardinal Wolsey. Helena, in "All's Well that Ends Well," might be mentioned for her

praise of her dead father's ability as a physician, and for her own work as well. And priests and noblemen sometimes acted as physicians, as Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet," and Cerimon in "Pericles."

Shakespeare was not averse to giving the physician a sly dig once in a while, whence, I suppose, has come the similar, but now, of course, indefensible practice of to-day. For instance, Pericles says, 1, 2:

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

And this from Lucrece:

The patient dies while the physician sleeps.
Nay, will you cast away your child on a fool
and a physician?
Mrs. Quickly, in Merry Wives of Windsor, 3, 4.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
rather corrupt me ever.
Bertram, in All's Well That Ends Well, 2, 3.

And the following from the vindictive Timon to Banditti may have been applicable to his time:

Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob.
Timon, in Timon of Athens, 4, 3.
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease.
Kent, in King Lear, 1, 1.

And the line in "Henry VIII," 3, 2, by Chamberlain:

He brings his physic after his patient's death,
may refresh your memory of just such an occurrence, but not, I hope, as has happened to me several times on a first visit, to the extent that the funeral director's dead-wagon has beaten you to the house.

He pays his respects to the Allopathy of the day with this from Menenius, in "Coriolanus," 2, 1:

The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but
empiricute, and to this preservative of no
better repute than a horse-drench.
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it.
Coriolanus, in Coriolanus, 3, 1.
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge.
Sonnets.

And perhaps I may be allowed to remark that we do only the first third of the same when we vaccinate.

The old-time old school physician, the fighting kind (whose successor now hides his animosity to newer schools "in smiles and affability"), had his course thus mapped out for him, and usually followed it:

Be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
of bragging horror.
Faulconbridge, in King John, 5, 1.

And this for the quacks:

A good wit will make use of anything:
I will turn diseases to commodity
Falstaff, in Henry IV. 2d, 1, 2.
Thou art always figuring diseases in me;
But thou art full of error; I am sound.
First Gentleman, in Measure for Measure, 1, 2.

Seemingly unmindful of the Homeopathic principle, and strictly in accordance with old-time practice, he said:

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. The King, in Hamlet, 4, 3.

But through his writings, as in those of a few others, we here and there get flash-light glimpses of the shimmer of the silver thread which was to lead up to the grandest discovery yet made in medicine, announced by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann under the formula *SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR*—let likes be cured by likes—now known not only as the guiding principle of the successful system of medicine popularly known as Homeopathy, but as Nature's law of cure, under which all drugs or medicines act remedially, by whatsoever system, sect, method or school administered. But Shakespeare did not quite gather up the gossamer clew which the less imaginative but more logical Hahnemann clutched, and with this slender but all-sufficient thread drew the medical world from its cimmerian, pyramid-like darkness, for Shakespeare's allusions, though dangerously near Homeopathy, are really Isopathy, or same, not like, as we shall see, as follows:

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.
Belarius, in Cymbeline, 4, 2.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.
Lucrece.
One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.
Benvolio, in Romeo and Juliet, 1, 2.
One fire drives out one fire, one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths
do fall. Aufidius, in Coriolanus, 4, 7.
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
Pandolph, in King John, 3, 1.

And the introduction of the nosodes may have been presaged by the Duke in "As You Like It," 2, 1:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Those health officers of to-day who fondly imagine that their pets, quarantine, isolation and pest-houses, are modern expedients only can here read their mistake:

The searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth.
Friar John, in Romeo and Juliet, 5, 2.

And this act cost the lives of Paris, Romeo and Juliet.

Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
spread further. Brutus, in Coriolanus, 3, 1.

And as to more reason for this action, through the contagiousness of disease, we read:

Sickness is catching.
Helena, in Midsummer Night's Dream, 1, 1.
Men take diseases one of another;
Therefore, let men take heed of their company.
Falstaff, in Henry IV. 2d, 5, 1.

Perhaps some of you who have had a good deal of unremunerative professional and other work callously piled upon you may feel in your declining years like rebelling and saying, with the Senator, in "Timon of Athens," 2, 1:

I must not break my back to heal his finger.

In our discussion of the subject of cancer, last winter, when I said that cancer was a quite modern disease, possibly induced by vaccination, a member spoke of Shakespeare's allusion to the disease, using the word canker. This is purely an error of interpretation, since Shakespeare's allusion to canker related to the floral kingdom, as, for instance, when Titania gives her orders to her train of fairies:

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds.
Titania, in Midsummer Night's Dream, 2, 3.
In the sweetest bud the eating canker dwells.
Proteus, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1, 1.
I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose
in his grace.
Don John, in Much Ado About Nothing, 1, 2.
Now will canker sorrow eat my bud.
Constance, in King John, 3, 4.
The most forward bud is eaten by the canker
ere it blow.
Valentine, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1, 1.

The kind of a thing that makes business good for the genial gy-ne-col-o-gist, or guinea-cologist, as they say in England, indeed, makes business possible for him, is thus portrayed:

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right!
Blon, in Love's Labor's Lost, 3, 1.

While disclaiming the least desire to detract one iota from the splendid fame of Dr. William Harvey in his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, worked out logically and persistently, I must confess that to me there is a great fascination in tracing in Shakespeare's writings how nearly their author is entitled to at least "honorable mention" along this same line of research, for he antedated Harvey. Harvey became a doctor in 1602, and 14 years after (the very year of Shakespeare's death, years, his collected works being first published the latter having then ceased writing for four

in 1623,) first announced some views on the movement of the heart and blood, enunciating them for several years thereafter in college lectures, and finally, in 1628, publishing his famous treatise, "Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis." It is not necessary to here review the crude conceptions which at or before this time obtained regarding the circulation of the blood, and I will only ask you how could Shakespeare have written the following if he had not had a correct or nearly correct idea of the circulation of the blood:

There was a time when all the body's members
Rebelled against the belly. * * * *
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
True is it, my incorporate friend, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which do you live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body; but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court the heart—to the seat o' the
brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live.

Menenius, in Coriolanus, 1, 1.

See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless
Being all descended to the laboring heart,
Who in the conflict that it holds with death
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools and ne're
returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see his face is black and full of blood.
Warwick, in Henry VI. 2d, 3, 2.

(The rest of this quotation is classed by Bell in his Principles of Surgery, London, 1815, as the finest extant description of a death from apoplexy, though pictured as the violent death of Humphrey.)

The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
King Henry V, in Henry IV, 2d, 5, 2.

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts of neces-
sary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive.

Angelo, in Measure for Measure, 2, 4

You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Brutus, in Julius Caesar, 2, 1.

Though there are many other strong passages relative here, lack of time will prevent their presentation. But another singular coincidence concerning Harvey and Shakespeare should be mentioned. In Timb's Mysteries of Life, Death and Futurity are mentioned several instances of death from broken heart, and the statement that Dr. Harvey was the first

to describe the affection. But Shakespeare, who antedated him, wrote:

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it
break. Malcolm, in Macbeth, 4, 3.

Shall split thy very heart with sorrow.
Queen Margaret, in Richard III, 1, 3.
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, break
too. Paulina, in Winter's Tale, 3, 2.

The first instance of kindness to the insane I have been able to find recorded in literature is the treatment accorded the demented Lear by Cordelia and the Physician, in act 4, scene 7, of "King Lear," unless you prefer to cite the case where Jesus cast out the devils which afterward caused such a commotion among the swine, described in the eighth chapter of Matthew. But the physician's part and words are very brief. "King Lear" was published in 1608, and we wait 184 years, or until 1792, only 106 years ago, before we find the first real recorded instance of kindness to the insane by a physician. Here again Dr. Samuel Hahnemann furnishes the shining example, as in 1792 he cured the previously brutally treated Chancery Secretary, Klockenbring, of insanity, writing as follows, Ameke's History of Homeopathy, p. 67: "I never allow an insane person to be punished either by blows or any other kind of corporal chastisement, because there is no punishment where there is no responsibility, and because these sufferers deserve only pity, and are always rendered worse by such treatment and never improved." At this time it was thought necessary to treat insane people as wild animals, and cow and terrify them, so that a madhouse became a veritable torture chamber. Immediately following Hahnemann's example came Pinel, who took charge of Bicetre, Paris, and struck the chains from its unfortunate inmates, while the true Friend, Tuke, performed a like service in York Retreat, York, England, about the same time. But ever remember that our revered Hahnemann was the first, though psychiatry had taken many steps in this century before his example was generally followed. One quotation from Shakespeare will show how it was in his time:

Love is merely a madness, and I tell you deserves
a dark house and a whip as mad men do.
Rosalind, in As You Like It, 3, 2.

While this evening we cannot far accompany the great naturalist of the soul in his treatment of the subject of insanity, mention of some of those "troubled with thick-coming fancies," as was Lady Macbeth, 5, 3, should be made.

Let us hope that none of us may "eat of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," Banquo, in Macbeth, 1, 3, and let us all be careful to remember that "melancholy is the nurse of frenzy," Servant, in "Taming of the Shrew," Ind., 2. And King Lear tells us, 2, 4: "We are not ourselves, when nature, being oppressed, commands the mind to suffer with the body." But, as the unfortunate Ophelia, 4, 5, says, "We know what we are, but know not what we may be." Hers was a typical case of hysteromania, and finally suicide for loss of father and lover. Hear her description earlier in the play "Hamlet," 3, 1, of the Prince's supposed condition:

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Macbeth asks the Doctor, 5, 3:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

And he replies:

Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth's ejaculation:

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it,

so often flung at our profession opprobriously, is thus shown to be a cry of despair coming after an honest doctor's opinion conscientiously rendered. That Macbeth did not really reject physic we plainly see, for almost in the next breath he says:

If thou could'st, doctor, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo.

Shakespeare placed a true estimate on the value of sleep in mental and physical troubles, thus:

O, sleep, O, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse,
how have I frightened thee? * * *
Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.
King Henry, in Henry IV 2d, 3, 1.

Sleep, that sometimes knits up sorrow's eye.
Helena, in Midsummer Night's Dream, 3, 2.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
Macbeth, in Macbeth, 2, 2.

He gives us a hint of the vis medicatrix naturæ thus:

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie which we
ascribe to heaven.
Helena, in All's Well That Ends Well, 1, 1.

The conventional consultation is well described:

When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate.

King, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, 2, 1.

The toxic agents of Shakespeare's fertile imagination were of a potent quality. What expert materia medicist of to-day can duplicate Friar Laurence's feat in aid of Juliet—counterfeiting death for "two and forty hours"—or the "juice of cursed hebenon" poured in Hamlet's father's ears? We could dispatch Romeo with anhydrous hydrocyanic acid as quickly as the poverty-stricken Apothecary's "soon-speeding gear" did, and perhaps our curare would have rung down the final curtain in "Hamlet" as well as the poison had in mind by Shakespeare. The good and cautious Doctor Cornelius, "*Cymbeline*," 1, 6, supplied the homicidal Queen with a supposed poison by her command and then soliloquizes: "'Twill stupefy and dull the senses awhile; * * * but there is no danger in what show of death it makes, more than the locking up of the spirits a time"—a surprisingly close picture of the action of our modern chloroform.

That over-doughty warrior Falstaff gives us the etiology of apoplexy thus:

This apoplexy * * * hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain; I have seen the cause of its effects in Galen.

Falstaff, in *Henry IV*, 2d, 1, 2.

And because of the merry and fat old rascal Jack Falstaff, one of Shakespeare's greatest characters, and who speaks more lines than any other, we know that some kind of urine analysis was in vogue in his time. He asks, and is answered by Page:

What says the doctor to my water?

He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Henry IV 2d, 1, 2.

He it was who said that honor hath no skill in surgery, and cannot set a leg or an arm. And of his end Sir Walter Scott wrote: "the death-bed scene of poor old Jack Falstaff is the most pathetic and pitiful death-scene ever written," as described by Mrs. Quickly, in "*Henry V*," 2, 2.

Of suicide by weapons many examples are given, such as the terrific throat-cutting of Othello and the startling hari kari of Cassius and Brutus, and the daggers of Juliet, Lucrece and Goneril, the latter after having poisoned her sister. Hamlet hints at it in the very first act, scene 2, where he says:

O, that this too, too-solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

And again in the great "To be, or not to be" soliloquy in the first scene of the third act, "When he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin." The mistaken and too-previous Romeo uses poison, however, paying 40 ducats for a dram. But Egypt's voluptuous queen, Cleopatra, was the only one to make a study of the matter, Cæsar saying, "For her physician tells me she hath pursued conclusions infinite of easy ways to die." She says, "I have immortal longings in me!" and applies two small serpents to her flesh. She was evidently posted on narcotics also, as she says, act 1, scene 5. "Give me to drink mandragora, that I might sleep this great gap of time my Antony is away." And that honest villain, Iago, was also posted in them when he shows how the newly-awakened jealousy will affect Othello:

Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Iago, in *Othello*, 3, 3.

The patent medicine advertisement writers of to-day must have taken their cue from Shakespeare, who first "promoted" this industry, which has now assumed such gigantic proportions and soars so altitudinously in the empyrean realms of imagination, and whose labors finally furnish the more plodding members of our profession with so many good but tough propositions yecept patients. The King, in "*All's Well That Ends Well*," has a fistula, and the old lord Lafew says to him, 1, 2:

I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple
touch
Is powerful to arise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

He then introduces Helena, who speaks of a prescription highly prized by her father, a skilled physician, now dead, urging him to use it:

Ere four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm in your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

The time-honored but insane and now-obsolete practice of free bleeding as the treatment for all diseases is thus hinted at:

Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
This we prescribe, though no physician.

Our doctors say there is no time to bleed.

King Richard, in *Richard II*, 1, 1.

And the action of aconite on the heart, arteries and blood is clearly shown:

That the united vessel of their blood
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

King Henry, in *Henry IV* 2d, 4, 4.

place these quotations together to remind you that the abolition of the practice of bleeding as the treatment for diseases was brought about by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of Homeopathy, who was the first physician to raise his voice against it, and also that he was the first to reveal to the medical world the true virtues of aconite, since wittily called "the Homeopathic lancet." But this is a long story to tell, especially as I have already told it in Homeopathic League Tract No. 36, published in London in 1891, copied from the *Chicago Medical Current*, November, 1890.

The drug store of to-day, with its soda-water and patent medicine attachments, its gin and gimcracks, its garish lights, fine display of the cabinet maker's art and big force of prescribing clerks, is not much like the shop of the apothecary of Mantua you will find described in "*Romeo and Juliet*," act 5, scene 1, nor will you therein recognize its proprietor. Modern travelers by the "morphine route," as the daily paper reporters coarsely put it, can get their euthanasia easier than Romeo did, for then, as the Apothecary said, 5, 1:

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

In this respect we have progressed backward, for, in this State, at least, thanks to vetoes by two Governors, any one can unquestioned buy anything in any drug store.

The term physic is frequently used, but only a few examples in addition to the ones already cited will be given:

Take physic, pomp.

Lear, in *King Lear*, 3, 4.

'Tis a physic that's bitter to sweet end.

Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, 4, 6.

'Tis time to give 'em physic.

Sands, in *Henry VIII*, 1, 3.

The labor we delight in physics pain.

Macbeth, in *Macbeth*, 2, 3.

The ridiculous belief in "love potions" exists to this day as it did in Shakespeare's time:

If the rascal have not given me medicines to
make me love him I'll be hanged.

Falstaff, in *Henry IV* 1st, 2, 2.

Toothache was the same then as now, without our means of palliation, though all too often cold steel yet remains the only remedy:

Being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

Iago, in *Othello*, 3, 3.

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently.

Leonato, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, 5, 1.

Sweet poison for the age's tooth.

Faulconbridge, in *King John*, 1, 1.

A case of suspended animation after childbirth is well shown in "*Pericles*," Thasia being coffined and thrown into the sea, in response to the demand of the superstitious sailors, in act 3, scene 1, and resuscitated by Cerimon in scene 2.

Palsy is mentioned several times, but his only epileptic is the great Julius Cæsar, who had "the falling sickness," and who "fell down in the market-place and foamed at the mouth, and was speechless." Othello had a fit, but it was of rage, not weakness.

This for our pharmacist herb-gatherers, without whom the country physician of to-day would be far more of a mechanician than he is:

In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs

That did renew old Aeson.

Lorenzo, in *Merchant of Venice*, 5, 1.

The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted

In a pure compound; being so applied,

His venom in effect is purified.

Tarquin.

Certain "zymotic" diseases are thus alluded to:

Like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life.

King, in *Hamlet*, 4, 1.

His dissolute disease will scarce obey this
medicine.

Mrs. Page, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 3, 3.

I had thought to here put in one paragraph the names of all the diseases mentioned by Shakespeare, but, as it will look too much like an index to a work on practice, will instead use but two quotations, one of which is probably fuller of them than any other in his writings:

The aged man that coffers up his gold

Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful
fits.

And scarce hath eyes his treasures to behold.

Lucrece.

Now the rotten disease of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrh, loads of gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Thersites, in *Troilus and Cressida*, 5, 1.

He gives this sound marriage advice:

Let still the woman take an elder than herself.

Duke, in *Twelfth Night*, 2, 4.

From time immemorial the question of the determination of sex before birth, or rather, the production of either sex at will, has excited the interest and curiosity of mankind, and in many families, even of low rank, as titles go, it has been an absorbing passion. The Schenck

theory of sex production at will, or some other equally good, was in his mind when he makes Macbeth say to his ambitious spouse, 1, 7:

Bring forth men-children only!
But thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males,

And then he makes Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," 1, 3, when speaking of Jacob and Laban's Bible-story sheep, upset all theories:

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of
Heaven.

Deformities, etc., are thus mentioned:

Sent before my time into this breathing world,
scarce half made up.

Richard, in Richard III, 1, 1.

Worse than a * * * birth hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Lucrece.

Wise observations follow:

I am sure care's an enemy to life.
Sir Toby Belch, in Twelfth Night, 1, 3.

A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Autolycus, in Winter's Tale, 4, 2.

The miserable have no other medicine but only
hope.

Claudio, in Measure for Measure 3, 1.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Lafu, in All's Well That Ends Well, 1, 1.

But we must hurry on, as our time limit is reached, though we have but dipped into the ocean of quotations available. A few more will be appended without comment:

Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health
on both.

Macbeth, in Macbeth, 3, 4.

Unquiet meals makes ill digestions.

Abbess, in Comedy of Errors, 5, 1.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as
they that starve with nothing.

Nerissa, in Merchant of Venice, 1, 2.

'Tis dangerous to take a cold.

Hotspur, in Henry IV., 1st, 2, 3.

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills.

Proteus, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2, 4.

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances.

Leontes, in Winter's Tale, 1, 2.

To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more.

Lucrece.

Iago—What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Cassio—Ay, past all surgery.

Othello, 2, 3.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Ageon, in Comedy of Errors, 1, 1.

Memory, the warder of the brain.

Lady Macbeth, in Macbeth, 1, 7.

And this for banquet-goers:

These are begot in the ventricle of memory,
nourished in the womb of pia mater, and
delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

Holofernes, in Love's Labor's Lost, 4, 2.

And now of death, for, as the Queen, in "Hamlet," 1, 2, says,

All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

It is too late; the life of all his blood is touch'd
corruptibly; and his pure brain doth by the
idle comments that it makes fortell the ending
of mortality.

Prince Henry, in King John, 5, 6.

They say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
When words are scarce they're seldom spent
in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words
in pain.

Gaunt, in Richard II, 2, 1.

And then that beautiful painting, which all admire, and which may be called the foundation of the agnostics' creed, if they may properly be said to have any creed, spoken by Prospero, in "The Tempest," 4, 1:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

And now we come to Jaques, the philosophic Jaques, who says:

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

leading up to his famous and oft-quoted Seven Ages of Man, "As You Like It," act 2, scene 7, beginning:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,

and ending:

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.

But fail not to observe that this is the utterance of a cynic and hypochondriac. To me there is a no more beautiful picture, with its frame of purest silver, than the benign countenance of the aged man or woman who has learned the great lesson of life, to grow old gracefully, and who can say, with Dr. Holmes, I'd rather be seventy years young than forty years old. Let this, then, be our lesson and our ambition, and if we succeed we and the world will be the happier for our having done our part. And

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to thy dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant's Thanatopsis.

